Air-Conditioned Infinite Dream

The Moving Van Goghs

Jesus Christ waves and smiles
from a bathroom mirror,
but he can't hear us.

Katy did, but she won't admit
that she cried
for the pain on the other side.

We could be dead for all I know
Out of our heads till tomorrow
We could be dead for all I know
assuming the nature of shadows.

The ocean hides
all the fish and their lives
in a blanket
of beautiful molecules

I can recall
when the world was so small
with her hair wrapped in wires
looking so tired

We could be dead for all I know
Out of our heads till tomorrow
We could be dead for all I know
assuming the nature of shadows.

We could be dead for all I know
for all I know
for all I know
for all I know

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